ROAR STREET JOURNAL

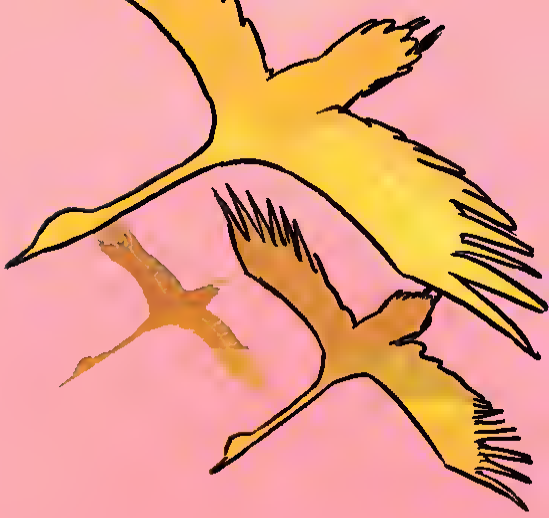
The Golden Cranes

My grandfather used to

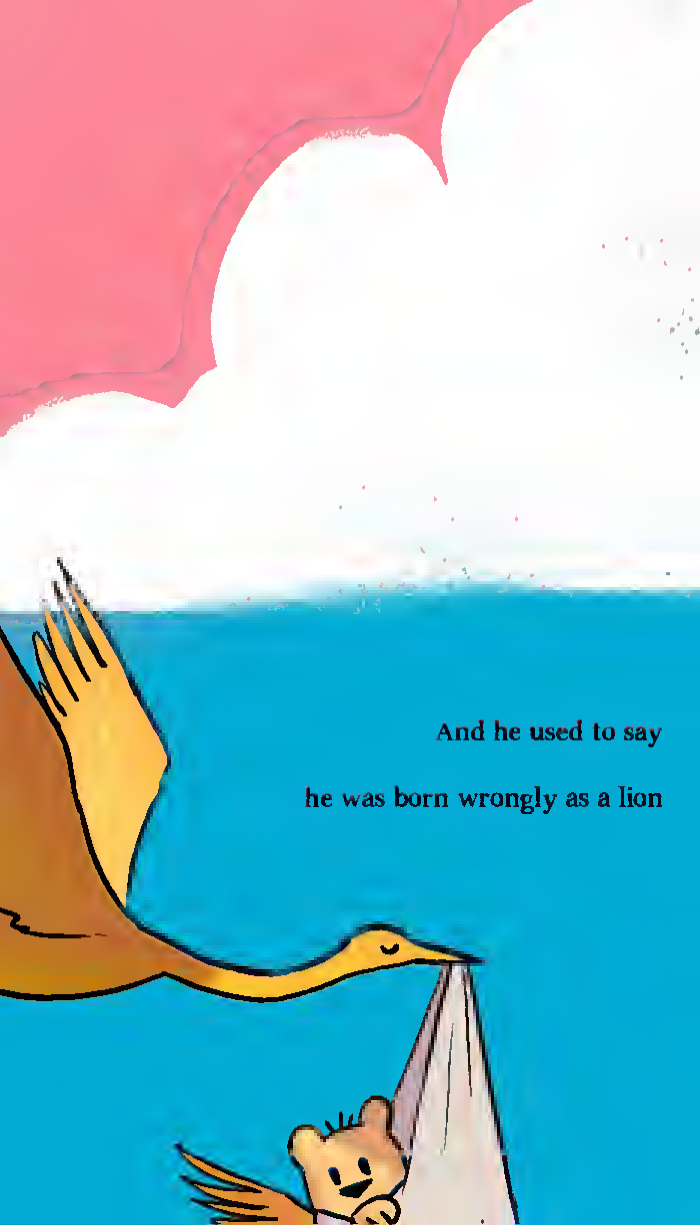
tell us fairytale stories

Stories about

how we come into this world



He used to say the golden cranes brings new life



And he used to say

he was born wrongly as a lion

How he wishes to be a sacred golden crane

Flying freely in the skies

Free from all the

tumbles and troubles of the mortal world

But he came to this world anyways

So he lived a mortal life

like every other animal

Grew up in a family

Learned skills

to make a living

Met a partner

Got married and

had his own family

Worked hard to
support the household

Faced all sorts of

challenges

Dealt with all kinds of

ups and downs

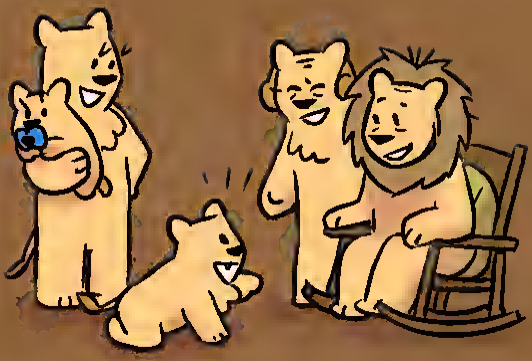
BANKRUPT

Watched his kids grew up

And formed their own families

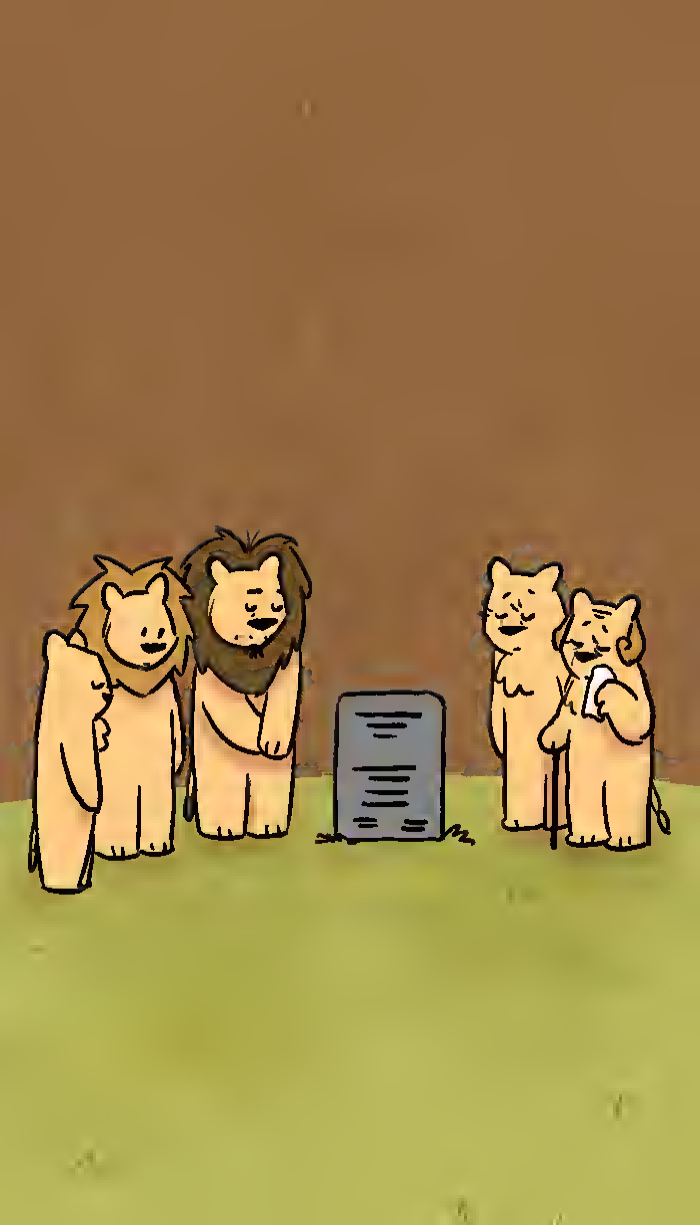
Retired

Spent some short and peaceful days



And realized how short life was

That it passed in a blur



As I said goodbye to

my grandfather

I remembered the fairytale stories
he used to tell me

I remembered I asked him

if he wanted to born again
into this world

He said no,

it's too tired to live twice

He'd rather be born again as a golden crane

To fly in the sky freely,

to be free from the mortal world

And to bless the next lives

with more happiness and love.

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